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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS.

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PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, speaking recently on the power of personal magnetism, says: This invisible radiation was strikingly manifested in Napoleon. Seeking an explanation of his control over his marshals we find it in the statement that the grip of his hand was like unto a powerful electric shock. In lesser degree Robert Burns cast the same spell upon his companions. When the poet made his tour through Scotland the mere announcement that he had arrived at some inn, perhaps at the midnight hour, was sufficient to call together all the people within a radius of several miles, assembled to see and hear one whose glorious eyes, whose honeyed words, whose thrilling speech, filled men with transports of delight. But the magnetic influence of a man is recognized even by the lower world. The tamer of lions controls the beast at first by the red hot iron. Later the trainer uses his eyes to keep the brute at bay. This is what Horace Bushnell meant when he said of a friend, "His eyes blazed and blazed until they seemed to me like a double-barreled revolver loaded to the muzzle." Once Thomas Starr King spent his summer on the Rocky Mountains. There he heard of a mountaineer who, with his little boy, one morning started down the canyon and met a hungry bear with her cubs. Putting the child behind him the brave man stooped and, fixing his eyes, he looked straight into the eyes of the beast. And as he advanced, the brute, snarling and growling, retreated and, ever retreating, at length fled. In this case it was literally true that the eyes were full of bayonets, weapons of offense and defense.

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TRUE GREATNESS.

One of the very best replies which has been made to Edwin Markham's poem, "The Man With the Hoe," is one which appears from the pen of a writer who does not give his name, in the Boston Pilot. The closing lines, telling of the true greatness of a human soul which knows God and is true to duty, contain real poetic insight and inspiration. He sings:

O, ye who would be masters in all lands,
Lay down your fretting pomp and panoply,
To learn true greatness. Noblest he who thinks
Most nobly. If the peasant, simple soul,
Is harbor for the tides, that nature heaves,
Of deep love-crested thoughts of God, what counts

The channelled running of your studied phrase
 Though spoken learnedly in gifted tongues?
 Whirlwinds blow not from whited harvest field
 But from the lair, where reason's untrimmed light
 Dies down to passion's smouldering ash-kept fire.
 Ah! toiler with the hoe, if like thy mate
 And countryman, at chime of Angelus
 Thy heart lifts up from labor-field its praise
 Thou art true poet, peasant though thy garb,
 Uncouth thy contour—for thy conscious soul
 Translates the hymn of nature for thy God.

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THE SEARCH FOR PEACE.

A wise writer has recently said a very earnest and illuminating thing about the universal search for peace. He says we all look for peace, but look in the place where it is not. It is not to be found at all unless you find it in your own soul. The stars are not the same to the brutish and the spiritual man. Each looks through his own nature and sees what is without colored by what is within. The beauties of the world are to some men what a sonata of Beethoven would be to a deaf man. The world is always beautiful, but only the beautiful soul can see its beauty. To ill nature, to a crabbed, complaining person, the spring landscape is only an irritation, while to a childlike nature it is a gorgeous temple to worship in, with music and preacher.

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DANGEROUS SERPENTS.

There is said to be in an interior town in New York a young woman with a live snake in her stomach. It has been growing there for several years and if her life is to be saved the creature must be soon taken away by a surgical operation. This seems a terrible thing and yet after all it is not so horrible as the serpents that get into men's hearts, and strike down with their poison fangs every good and holy purpose of life. When we hear envious, or malicious, or impure conversation coming from the lips of a person, we may be sure that it is only the poison from the fangs of the serpent which has made its home in the heart.

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THE LONGING OF THE "BLACK SHEEP"

We would take heart many times when we are discouraged in our efforts to win men to Christ, if we could only know of the utter lack of satisfaction which worldly men and women find in their lives, and the bitter longing for something better which is often experienced by those who seem to us the most indifferent and reckless of sinners. Richard Burton, in "Lyrics of Brotherhood," has some verses on "The Black Sheep" which illustrate this thought in a very striking way. He sings:

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days
 Of outcast liberty,
 They're sick at heart for the homely ways
 Where their gathered brothers be.
 And oft at night, when the flames fall dark
 And the hills loom large and dim,
 For the Shepherd's voice they mutely harp,
 And their souls go out to Him.

Meanwhile, "Black Sheep!" "Black Sheep!" we cry,
 Safe in the inner fold;
 And maybe they hear and wonder why,
 And marvel, out in the cold.

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THE UNITING POWER OF A COMMON SYMPATHY.

The Transvaal war, which has been the cause of Queen Victoria visiting Ireland, promises to bring about a better state of feeling between England and Ireland than has ever been

known. Early in the war many Irish politicians, both in this country and at home, were full of venom and hatred against England. They were adopting resolutions of sympathy with the Boers, offering prayers for Boer success, and exulting in every British defeat and loss. But with Irish regiments winning the honors of the war and commanding the admiration of the world, and with Irish commanders—Roberts, Kitchener, French, Kelly-Kenny, White, and the rest, leading them to victory after victory, there is small room for railing at home against the empire which these heroes are serving. It was only a few years ago that an Irish soldier was sent to the guard-house for wearing a bit of shamrock on St. Patrick's day. This year the queen commanded that in the future all members of her Irish regiments shall wear shamrock on that day. All England went wild on St. Patrick's day to follow the queen in doing honor to Ireland. All this is in obedience to a great law as wide as humanity. Nothing brings people together so quick as fellowship in a struggle against a common foe and the winning side by side of a victory which does honor to both. (356)

A HALF-HEARTED SERVICE.

An amusing story has recently been told of President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic. It seems that a few years ago he presented, on behalf of the state, a piece of land amounting to an erf for the building of a Dutch Reformed church. Soon afterward he was approached by an influential Jew, who tendered a similar request on behalf of a Jewish congregation. The president promised to consider the request, and soon afterwards announced that he had granted it. A little while later, however, he was waited on by his Jewish friend, who complained that the piece of land they had received was only half the size of that given for the Dutch Reformed church. "Well," retorted Kruger, "what fault have you to find? They believe the whole Bible, so they get an erf; you only believe half the Bible, and you get half an erf." However one may agree or disagree with Kruger, it is undoubtedly true that in order to get the full rewards of a Christian life we must throw ourselves into the service of God with a whole-hearted devotion. (357)

THE SOFT ANSWER.

Solomon's proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger," is illustrated in ordinary life every day. A story comes from Maine of a lawyer who bought a farm where there had been a lawsuit going on for many years with a neighbor about the boundary line. The lawyer went to see the obstinate neighbor at once and he found the man ready for a fight. The lawyer mildly inquired, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?" "I insist," replied the neighbor, "That your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other." "Well," replied the lawyer, "you go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet." "But," persisted the astonished neighbor, "that's twice what I claim." "I don't care about that," said the genial lawyer. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself." The old farmer paused abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. After looking at the lawyer a moment; he said, "'Squire, that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wasn't nuthin' in the fight, anyway, but the principle of the thing." (358)

A DEAD MAN AT THE THROTTLE.

Bumping and swaying over a puzzle of switches and sharp curves, an express train came into one of the Chicago depots recently with the pulseless hand of one of the road's veteran engineers grasping the throttle. He sat bent over the throttle and the reversing lever, his eyes closed and his face drawn with the last pang of the pain that caused his death. Suddenly the fireman saw that something was the matter. "Why, Joe, what's up?" asked the fireman. "Not sick, are you?" With a touch of his hand the fireman found that his companion on many a midnight run over the prairies of Illinois had breathed his last, a vic-

tim of heart disease. At the same moment the fireman caught sight of the red danger signal not a thousand yards away. He lifted the engineer to one side and then shut off steam. In a second the sand and the sudden jerk of the reversing lever was preventing the heavy coaches behind with their human freight from being crashed into a train pulling out of a side track. Nothing could be more dangerous than a dead man at the throttle. And yet how often do we see men in church life who are spiritually dead thrust into leadership because of financial or political reasons. Many a flourishing church has been wrecked because a hand thus spiritually dead was put at the throttle. (359)

THE GULF STREAM.

One of the most important rivers in the world is the one known as "The Gulf Stream," a river of warm sea water that flows through the ocean with a steady, and resistless, and benevolent tide. It owes its existence primarily to the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and its outflow through the tortuous channel connecting the Gulf of Florida with the North Atlantic is more constant and steady in direction than any tide in the world. It flows forth at the rate of a hundred miles a day, so strong that it will carry a ship in the face of the mightiest gale. After it reaches the Atlantic it spreads out until compared with it the Amazon is only a gurgling brook. It rolls northward, warming the atmosphere for human life, and then swinging away from New Foundland across the ocean, it gives greenness to Ireland, and balmy climate to England. Christianity is well illustrated by the Gulf Stream. Its influence through all the ages has been that of a warm current of divine love rolling onward through the cold ocean of human selfishness, melting all icebergs in its track and bringing ever and ever a balmier spiritual climate to the world. (360)

THE POWER OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

An English army officer recently said that the commanding officer who has studied human nature will occasionally make a brilliant hit when he gives a man what is called a "chance." And he relates this incident: One day a colonel went out for a walk and met a man of his regiment who was only too well known to him on account of his frequent appearance in the orderly room. The colonel stopped him and said: "You're a fine man, six feet in height, and yet don't you think that you are making a precious ass of yourself with thirty-six drunks in your defaulter sheet? Suppose, now, that I were to put a Lance corporal's stripe on your arm to-morrow; how would it be?" The man was so surprised and delighted that he took the total abstinence pledge and never drank any more intoxicating liquors. Four years afterwards he married and the colonel attended the marriage feast. The bridegroom took his commanding officer aside and said to him, as he pointed to the different kinds of liquor that were on the table: "You see all that, sir. Well, I have not tasted a drop, even to-day, and won't, for if I did I must get drunk." Hope and encouragement had greater power over this man, as it has over men generally than the fear of punishment. This must have been what the apostle meant when he said, speaking of the hope which Christ inspired, "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself." (361)

THE SPEED OF ARCTURUS.

Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, remarks that on a summer evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July, and further down in the west in August or September. You will know it by its red color. That star has been flying straight ahead ever since astronomers began to observe it as such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be spry to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and gloves and go out on the street while it was crossing the Atlantic ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey that it would make in a thousand years would be as nothing alongside its distance. And yet the God who watches over these great spaces, and who hurls planets and worlds and stars forth from His hand with as speed like that of Arcturus, is the God who is our Father and who has said that if we pray unto Him with loving, childlike hearts He will hearken so readily that even while we speak He will answer. (362)

TENDERNESS OF HEART.

Last summer a woman who lives in Harlem, N. Y., went to the country for a month's holiday. Before leaving she gave her pet canary, Dick, into the hands of the woman in the next flat to care for until her return. Dick sorely missed his mistress the next day, and, after a tender little song, hushed his voice and would sing no more. He ate very little and began to droop visibly. As the days went by he became simply a miserable little bunch of bones and yellow feathers. One morning the woman who had charge of him found him on his back, dead, in the bottom of his gilded cage. He had died of grief at the loss of his mistress. A hundred instances might be cited of animals who have died of grief at being separated from those they love. If hearts are so tender in the animal realm below man, how much more important that we should not sin against them among human beings. Children are often dwarfed and stunted and not unfrequently lose their lives through heart-break.

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THE SOUL'S DIVINE INHERITANCE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in a recent poem entitled "The Soul's Divine Inheritance," sings a strong and vital truth which needs to be often repeated in our times, asserting what the Bible teaches that it is possible for us to be, through God's grace and help, not a creature of circumstance, but the arbiter of our own destiny. She sings sturdily:

There is no thing we cannot overcome.
 Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
 Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
 And calls down punishment that is not merited.
 Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
 The Great Eternal Will, that, too, is thine
 Inheritance—strong, beautiful, Divine;
 Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy fault with this great lever—Will.
 However deeply bedded in propensity,
 However firmly set, I tell thee, firmer yet
 Is that vast power that comes from Truth's immensity.
 Thou art a part of that strange world, I say;
 Its forces lie within thee, stronger far
 Than all thy mortal sins and frailties are.
 Believe thyself Divine, and watch and pray.

There is no noble height thou can'st not climb;
 All triumphs may be thine in time's futurity,
 If, whatso'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt,
 But lean upon the staff of God's security.
 Earth has no claim the soul can not contest.
 Know thy part of the supernal source,
 And naught can stand before thy spirit's force.
 The soul's Divine inheritance is best.

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THE WEIGHT OF PRECEDENT

There is a story reported as having been told by Colonel Fred M. Dow, of Portland, Maine, which shows well how customary usages "broadens down from precedent to precedent." Colonel Dow once visited friends at Quebec, and while seeing the sights of the city and its surroundings he took a public carriage to visit the Falls of Montmorency. At a half-way house on the road the driver pulled up his horse and remarked, "The carriage always stops here." "For what purpose?" asked the colonel. "For the passengers to treat," was the reply. "But none of us drink, and we do not intend to treat." The driver had dismounted and was waiting by the roadside. Drawing himself up to his full height, he said, impressively, "I have driven this carriage now more than thirty years, and this has happened but once before. Some time ago I had for a fare a crank from Portland, Maine, by

the name of Neal Dow, who said he wouldn't drink; and what was more to the point, he said he wouldn't pay for anybody else to drink." The son found himself occupying the same ground as that on which his father had stood. On both the side of the driver and his passenger the power of precedent was illustrated. (365)

SEIZING AN OPPORTUNITY.

A western railroad conductor tells the story which may be either truth or fiction, and yet it is not without value as an illustration. He says that on one occasion the wind blew a passenger off his train in the far West. "But I didn't know it until three years after the occurrence," he continued. "He was ticketed for Southern California, and several times during the day he asked me questions. Soon after his last question I missed him from his seat. Later in the day he was still missing, but his overcoat was on the back of his seat. The train was searched for him but he could not be found. The railroad company became interested in the case and hunted for the man. Three years later he was found. His story was that he had stepped out on the platform to get fresh air. The wind was blowing a gale, and before he could get a purchase it swept him from the car. He stopped in a farmhouse nearby, where he found a great bargain in farm lands and purchased. He settled down there and did not continue his western trip." Young men may well learn a lesson from the readiness with which that passenger lighted on his feet. An opportunity must be seized at once. I think it was Carlyle who said, "An occasion must be seized by the foretop, she has no back hair." Many a young man might heed that message with great results for his future happiness and usefulness. (366)

RAIN FLOWERS.

"The most magnificent floral effect I ever saw in my life," said a gentleman not long ago, who had been a wide traveler, "was in Texas. They have a flower there called the 'Rain Flower.' It usually blooms three or four hours after a rain. I was passing through the country and the thing that struck me in that particular locality was the utter barrenness of the whole landscape. There was a piece of land of ten acres or more that was covered with low, black vines that were decidedly uninviting. Four hours later, after a heavy thunder shower, I passed this piece of land, and it was absolutely covered with what seemed to be the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. It was one enormous bouquet, and the fragrance from it was almost intoxicating. I could scarcely believe the evidences of my own eyes, but there it was, what seemed to be an unsightly waste transformed as if by magic into a bower of bloom." The secret of it was that the roots, and plants, and vines were all ready, and when the shower fell upon them the buds that had been waiting burst into blossom. It needed only the shower added to the warmth of the atmosphere to set them free. We ought to see in this the importance of having the right kind of meditation, and the true sort of purposes formed in our imagination and heart chambers. What we brood about comes to be like those vines, waiting for just the right sort of intellectual or moral shower to bring out into conversation and deeds the things we have only dreamed of in our secret thoughts. Be careful what awaits the shower of circumstances. (367)

GOLD FROM SINAI.

A traveler in Syria says that the shaft still exists, as well as the ruins of the furnaces, crucibles, huts of the miners and fragments of the tools which mark the ancient copper mines of Mt. Sinai. These are the most ancient copper mines known. They were worked from about five thousand years before Christ until about twelve hundred years before Christ. But it was real gold that Moses brought from Sinai when he carried down from there the Commandments of the Decalogue which serve as the foundation stones for all the great legal and governmental structures of the world. The old copper mines have been long abandoned on account of the poverty of the ore, but the commandments given to Moses on that historic mountain will never be outgrown by humanity. The ore from that mine is as rich and abundant in blessings to the world as ever. (368)

NEW AND OLD.

Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, tells a story showing the unsettling effects of the "Higher Criticism" from a new standpoint, which is very amusing. It fell to his lot to attend the funeral of a negro, sharing the service with a colored minister. As the two clergymen were riding to the cemetery the brother in black suddenly asked Dr. Hillis how he got along at his church with the higher criticism. Dr. Hillis replied that it was not a disturbing element at Plymouth. "Well," said his companion, "it's making things pretty hot at our church. One of my deacons, who is down on it, comes to prayer meeting and prays, 'O, Lord, bless our pastor and help him to bring old treasures out of the Word,' while another deacon, who believes in it, follows him and prays, 'O, Lord, bless our pastor and help him to bring new treasures out of the Word'; and betwixt those two deacons and the Lord they keep me black and blue." Dr. Hillis naively adds that he supposed the deacons kept the negro blue, while the Lord kept him black. But seriously the little story has an interesting suggestion. There are old treasures which we must all bring out of God's truth, but every earnest student of the Bible must find there new treasures which no one else could ever have found. So that not only every minister but every Christian may find treasures old and new in that Divine storehouse.

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LACK OF AGGRESSIVENESS.

The severe storms of last spring along the Jersey coast were in one way a bonanza to the shore clam-eaters. The great sea aroused by the long and continued heavy gales tumbled out upon the beach enormous quantities of the big sea clams. Not for years had there been such a harvest of this variety of sea food. Farmers by the score from far back in the country came and carried them away in wagon loads. Torn from their beds far out from the shore the big shell fish were caught up by the big incoming rollers and pitched and tossed hither and thither in the surf until thousands of them were left high and dry upon the sand. Nothing is more helpless than a clam thus tossed up from his native element. He is the prey to every vagrant hand, or if left within six inches of the water would die there before saving himself. The lethargy of some men and women who have been torn from their accustomed conditions of life by unexpected and sudden trials is very much like this. Children and youths should be awakened and inspired to live aggressive, positive lives. We are not simply to suffer at the mercy of the waves of life, but we are to battle for the right, and to grow strong through struggle against opposing circumstances.

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CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.

Up to the time when the United States took control there, Cuba was a continual hotbed of yellow fever. Santiago was its home, Havana its export town. This year there has been practically no yellow fever in Cuba. General Wood not only prevented its outbreak in Santiago until he left there for a brief visit to the United States, but when it broke out in his absence he hurried back and exterminated it. Havana is to-day almost as healthy a city as New York, and under General Wood's administration it promises to become even a healthier one. This is our best gift to Cuba. It is also the best results to Americans of our deliverance of that island. For there is not the slightest doubt that every yellow fever epidemic that has scourged this country has come directly from Cuba, and with Cuba clean and healthy we shall be freed once for all of that danger. This relation between cleanliness and health is no closer in physical life than it is in morals. If we are to have pure, noble men and women, then we must have books and newspapers and public teachers generally that are clean and wholesome.

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PROMPTNESS.

The late Dr. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., had a taste for mechanics. He could make a watch, and so great was his delight in that work that he once asked the Elmira authorities to make him custodian of the town clock, to which they consented. He took great pride in keeping that town clock exactly right, and when the timepiece happened to

get a few seconds wrong he would put up a sign on the door of the tower reading like this: "This clock is two second late to-day, but it will be all right to-morrow." A great waste is made by many of us through failing to be on time and to do everything at the proper time.

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COMING IN TOUCH WITH PEOPLE.

Bishop Whipple says that when he first went West to preach he was exceedingly anxious to reach artisans and railway operatives, of whom there were many in Chicago. He called upon the chief engineer of one of the railroads and asked his advice as to the best way of approaching the employes of that road. "How much do you know about a steam engine?" asked the engineer. "Nothing." "Then," said the chief engineer, "read 'Lardner's Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool." Young Whipple had the practical sense to see the justice of that advice. So he read up, and in due season went to the roundhouse, where he found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. He saw that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, and asked, at a venture, "Which do you like best, inside or outside connections?" This brought out information about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in half an hour he had learned more than his book had ever taught him. When he said good-by, he added: "Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall where I would be glad to see you, and if at any time you need me I shall be glad to go to you. The following Sunday every man was in church. It is always wise to get into touch with anyone over whom we wish to have an influence. Christ went about doing good and he was a marvellous illustration of the good that may be done through coming into personal touch with people."

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CONDITIONS NECESSARY TO SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION.

Statistics which have just been compiled show that of the three hundred and two thousand and totally blind persons in Europe, one hundred and ninety-three thousand are natives of Russia. This means that out of every five hundred subjects of the czar there is one who is deprived of his sight. In no other country do we find this terrible affliction by any means so widespread. In Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy and Spain there is only one blind person in every one thousand inhabitants. Russian oculists and physicians say that the reason why so many of their countrymen are blind, and so many others have defective eyesight, is because insufficient attention is paid throughout the country to the ordinary laws of hygiene, and they maintain that Russians will continue to suffer in this way as long as they keep themselves and their homes in an unhealthy condition. Lack of general health has no closer relation to blindness or physical sight than lack of moral wholesomeness has to spiritual perception. Many men's eyes are holden because their hearts are unclean. Of such, well may the Savior say, "If the light that is in thee be darkness how great is that darkness."

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WAITING FOR THE WATER.

Professor David Fairchild declares that the driest spot on earth is at Payta, a district in Peru. It is on the coast, about five degrees south of the equator, and, in spite of the nearness of the ocean, is drier than the deserts of Chili. Sea clouds are plentiful, but as a general thing seven years roll by between showers. Nevertheless, Prof. Fairchild found nine distinct species of plants, and among these seven were one year old sprouts. The professor says that the seeds of these plants must have lain in the soil seven years in a dormant state until the rain gave them life. The natives do not expect to reap until the seventh year after sowing. It means much when the influences of Divine grace on the human heart are compared to the water. Christ comes as the Water of Life to the thirsty shrubs of the desert. The showers are at our call and we may bring them upon us at will. If the spiritual graces die out in our hearts the fault must always be our own.

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PETTING A LION'S CUBS.

A young woman in Baltimore recently gave a novel performance at the Zoo in that city. She went into a lion cage where the lion mother nestled with her four cubs. She picked them up one by one and brought them out. The lioness following her, carrying the last one just as a cat carries a kitten. The performer petted and fondled the little lion cubs and caressed the old lioness. Some day perhaps she will be destroyed by them. Some years ago in a park near Brooklyn, New York, a woman kissed a lion at a public performance. She had often done so before without injury, but on this occasion the lion was angry and tore her face with his cruel teeth. How many people there are who are fondling lion cubs, and are caressing what they imagine to be the tamed lions of sin. It is never safe, though sin come in the form of a lion ever so tame. The danger and the devil of it is still there, and some day it will destroy the man or the woman who tampers with it. (376)

RUSKIN'S FAITH.

The faith of John Ruskin in God and His loving care was as simple as that of a child. His belief in immortality did not tremble or grow feeble like an expiring candle, but burned brighter as he approached the end of his long pilgrimage upon earth. The latter years of his life were clouded with illness, but whenever the mind cleared he would often be heard softly repeating, over and over, the beautiful words of Tennyson:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea";

Which is much like his own exquisite language, written in earlier years: "When the time comes for us to wake out of the world's sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of night? Singing of birds, first broken and low, as—not the dying eyes but eyes that wake to life—the casement slowly grows a glimmering square, and then the gray and then the rose of dawn, and last the light whose going forth is to the ends of heaven!" (377)

THE SPIRITUAL HELIOGRAPH.

The war in South Africa has brought to the front the value of the heliograph signal. The present system as employed by the beseiged at Ladysmith, was not perfected until 1879. It is known as the Mance heliograph and was first tested in the Afghan war. In recent years the heliograph has been improved greatly. In this country the experiments have been conducted on the plains and in the mountain countries. It has been made to work successfully between Pike's Peak and Denver, a distance of sixty miles. The advantages of the heliograph system are that signals can be read only by the man at the signal station; that messages can be sent when all wires are cut and all the ground channels of communication are closed, and that the code is as intelligible at twenty or even forty miles as it would be on the electric telegraph. The disadvantages of the system are that it can be used only on clear days, and that a cloud or a fog may interrupt the most momentous message. Prayer is a spiritual system of heliograph between the human heart and the Divine throne. In that code, too, the signal is personal, but it has the great advantage that no cloud or storm or trial and no fog of perplexity can interfere with messages from heaven being received. (378)

FAITH AND DOUBT.

The fact that unbelievers who seek to rob Christians of their faith in God often demand far greater credulity in the acceptance of something else is very clearly set forth by Frederick R. Torrence in his psalm of experience, entitled "The House of a Hundred Lights":

The wise men say that life's not worth a barleycorn when all is done.

Well, then—and not till then—I'll try the granary behind the sun.

"Doubt everything," the Thinker said, when I was parch'd with Reason's drought;
Said he, "Trust me, I've probed these things," have utter faith in me—and doubt!

"Though the sky reel and day dissolve, and though a myriad suns fade out,
One thing of Earth seems permanent and founded on Belief: 'tis—Doubt."

The world's great rule is, "Give and take"; and, so that custom may not smother,
I'll give Doubt freely with one hand and take Faith freely by the other.

Yes, he that wove the skein of stars and poured out all the seas that are
Is Wheel and Spinner and the Flax, and Boat and Steersman and the Star. (379)

FRESH IMPULSE.

Every man and woman who has lived to mature life knows how important it is to a growing and successful career, that they shall be aroused occasionally by fresh impulses. God deal with the earth in that way. The springtime gives a fresh impulse to all nature. Robert Burns Wilson, Kentucky's poet painter, describes that oft described miracle with new vigor in his poem on "The Voice of Spring":

Once more, once more—thank God!
I hear the dull earth waking,
I feel the green grass breaking
The fragrant sod.

Let go thy grasp, dull care.
Fly hence, ye shades of sadness!
Life lifts her head, and gladness
Mounts on the air.

It is like that when the Easter message comes to the soul, and out from the heavy winter of doubt and sin the soul shakes off its icy bondage and rises to hope and spiritual triumph. (380)

SORROW AND SONG.

Life's old lesson, which teaches that the choicest successes of life can never come except at the cost of sacrifice and pain, is illustrated in Beatrice Prall's poem on "Sorrow and Song," in the London Spectator:

"Give me the gift of Song," one asked of Fate,
"That I may sing of beauty and of Spring;
Of woodland glades where streams are murmuring;
Of snow-topped mountains, lone and desolate;
Of love and sorrow, of revenge and hate."
Saith Fate: "That gift be thine, but it shall bring
Sorrow. Each note of gladness thou shalt sing
Unto thy heart's deep anguish shall vibrate."

"Be mine the power," he said, "and mine each pang
That is the guerdon of the poet's song."
So in the market-place the whole day long
Amid his busy fellowmen he sang,
And none who heard him, guessed that each sweet strain
Had wrung the singer's heart with mortal pain. (381)

THE METAL AND THE SOUL.

Christian Burke sings in the Pall Mall Magazine a very striking little song calling attention to the fact that the human soul is like metal in the hand of God, and if we leave it to Him to work His will upon it, He will bring about a result that shall be full of joy and happiness to us.

Lo, as a Craftsman with some metal toils—
Not with rude violence and mechanic's skill
Then into one dull pattern moulds and spoils
The precious ore—but with what art he may
He fashions it, till he attain his will.

Thus, with a like deep patience must thou bend
 The life God gave thee to a great desire;
 Fear no sharp pain that brings about thine end—
 Nay, even dread not the Refiner's fire;
 Rest not content—the last stroke is not tried,
 Till in His Likeness thou wake—satisfied.

(382)

TODAY'S POSSIBILITIES.

S. E. Kiser sings a helpful lay about doing the duty which is at our hand, and tells how the duty done, though in trivial matters, will leave its deposit in character at the end of the day.

I may not, when the sun goes down,
 Have added to my store
 Of worldly goods or gained renown
 In gallantry or lore.

I may not, while I strive to-day,
 Move onward to the goal—
 The gleaming goal so far away—
 On which I've set my soul.

But I can show a kindness to
 Someone who stands without,
 And I can praise some toiler who
 Is toiling on in doubt.

And when the sun goes down I still
 May be a better man—
 No matter what the fates may will—
 Than when the day began.

(383)

HOW TO MAKE BEGGARS.

Mr. C. McGovern has an interesting article in the Home Magazine on "The Truth About Beggars." Having determined to find out the treatment that beggars received in New York, Mr. McGovern bought a beggar's outfit of ragged clothes, put his arm in a sling, saturated his clothing with carbolic acid, and bandaged his fingers so they would seem to be very badly burned. He then divided up New York City into seven districts, and started out on a Monday morning. In his seven day's experience he says that not once was his story of need questioned. Everyone he accosted treated him as though they really believed him to be deserving. Some people glanced at his hands and shuddered when they saw the supposed painful burns. Not everyone he asked gave him money or food, for out of every five persons he received help from only three. But even those who gave him nothing treated him without harshness. The astonishing part of the story, to those who are not experienced in this sort of thing, is in the results. The total amount he received in his seven days of begging on an absolutely fraudulent basis, that could have been discovered in two minutes by any man determined to know the truth, was over seventy dollars. The time of actual begging each day averaged less than eight hours, so that the amount he received was at the rate of about a dollar and a quarter an hour of actual work. It is this careless giving that perpetuates the army of beggars in the most prosperous times. Such giving is not born of benevolence, but of selfishness, and of laziness which will not take the time to find out whether there be real need, and if so how it can be helped without destroying the one in trouble.

(384)

THE POET AND THE CHRISTIAN.

Miss Ida Coolbrith, the sweet singer of California, in a little poem entitled "The Poet," describes the kind of faith and confidence which must inspire the heart of every sincere Christian. She sings of the poet, what ought to be always true of the Christian.

He walks with God upon the hills!
 And sees, each morn, the world arise
 New-bathed in light of Paradise.
 He hears the laughter of her rills,
 Her melodies of many voices,
 And greets her while his heart rejoices.
 She to his spirit undefiled,
 Makes answer as a little child;
 Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
 And gives her secret to his hands.

(385)

REBUKE TO CYNICISM.

Under the title of "Rebuke," Miss Ida Coolbrith beautifully illustrates the simple but inevitable answer to cynicism in our attitude towards God's dealings with our human lives.

"The world is old and the world is cold,
 And never a day is fair," I said.
 Out of the Heavens the sunlight rolled,
 The green leaves rustled above my head,
 And the sea was a sea of gold.
 "The world is cruel," I said again,
 "Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
 And the nights are dreary and full of pain."
 Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
 There rippled a tender strain—
 Rippled the song of a bird asleep,
 That sang the dream of the budding wood,
 Of shining fields where the reapers reaped,
 Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
 And grass where the berries peep.
 "This world is false, though the world be fair,
 And never a heart is pure," I said.
 And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
 The innocent gold of my baby's head,
 And the lisp of a childish prayer.

(386)

THE GRAVEYARD OF HOPES.

Sable Island, that grim, ghost-haunted fragment of sand, strewn with more wrecks than any other twenty miles of the earth's surface, is called "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." It lies so flat on the sea that in a gray day it is hardly distinguishable from the ocean itself. It is an ambush of ships, for all around it is a tangle-work of insatiable shoals ever feeding on wrecks. Everywhere along these shores death lurks. In the course of a single year these shoals claimed more than two hundred lives. The island itself is fighting for self-preservation. It seems as if it drew ships into its fatal embrace as rallying points for its loose and shifting sands, thus to protect itself by a bulwark of wrecks against annihilation by the sea. That graveyard of hopes and ships is like the liquor saloon. Death lurks about its doors and it reaches out a tangle-work of shoals to trap unwary souls. Instead of two hundred souls, a hundred thousand a year wreck the ship of life, and bury their hopes in this most horrid of graveyards, the liquor saloons of America.

(387)

TRUE RICHES.

Mary Sebastian Lawson sings of the riches of the soul which come to be the possession of those who trust God, through storm as well as through shine, in a quatrain full of comfort. She says:

Who knoweth how good gifts to get
 Is wise,—is almost rich, indeed!
 Who knoweth how to lose and yet
 Remain in peace, he hath no need.

(388)

A FRIEND IN NEED.

When Jesus fainted under the cross, a black man by the name of Simon carried the Savior's cross the rest of the way to the summit of Calvary. We do not know whether he appreciated this great privilege then or not. Even if he did not at the time, but afterward became a Christian, what joy it would be to him to remember that he carried the cross for Jesus in that hard hour. One of the richest gifts God gives us on the way of life are the friends who stand by us in the darkest hours, and carry our cross for us when we are ready to faint beneath its load. Under the title of "Friends," Will T. Hale sings these comforting words:

"Though we are worn and weary from some loss,
 Yet on life's journey many friends there be—
 The Simons who assist to bear the cross
 Along the stony road to Calvary."

(389)

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

There are some people who put the incidents given us in the Bible relating to God's care over His children so far away into the realm of the miraculous that they rob themselves of all the comfort that can be drawn from them. I should rather err at the other extreme, for after all, everything we have is God's gift to us, and however indirectly it may seem to come, His loving thoughtfulness is behind it. The coldness of the cynic and the skeptic is a far more bitter thing to live with, than the faith, simple and childlike, exercised by the old colored person who was having a pretty hard time to get along, and discovered a live 'possum in the meeting house one Sunday morning. The old man immediately pronounced the benediction with the remark: "'Lijah wuz fed by ravens in de wilderness, en 'possum dis col' mawnin', is none de less providential!"

(390)

THE OLD TREASURE HOUSES.

The famous marble quarries of the Pentelikon, near Athens, Greece, remained undisturbed and silent until this century, when, after the crowning of the first King of Greece, the erection of a Royal Palace again called attention to the national wealth in the finest of stone. The road to the foot of the Pentell Hills was reopened, the bridges were repaired, and a large quantity of the famous old marble was employed in the construction of a new Athens. It is estimated that there still remain two billion tons of pure white marble and six hundred million tons of white marble with blue veins in this great old treasury of stone. The Bible, in the higher realm, is a treasure-house like that. Old as it is, the purest moral and spiritual stones for the building of character, and in the erecting of noble manhood, and holy womanhood, are to be found in the unlimited quarries of God's Word.

(391)

TRANSFORMATION.

The coming of Christian faith and love into the human heart produces a transformation in thought and life which is beyond the power of pen to describe. It brings into our lives a new spirit full of the romance of heaven. It causes us to see that the great glory of a life does not lie in single heroic, manly deeds, but in the living of all life in an exalted spirit. Clifford Lanier touches this with poetic fire in these illuminating lines:

The humblest life that lives may be divine;
 Christ changed the common water into wine.
 Star-like comes Love from out the magic East—
 And Life, the hermit, finds his fast a feast.

(392)

THE VALUE OF OBEDIENCE.

Sir Henry Brackenbury says that on one occasion, when he was military attache in Paris, he was holding a conversation with Gambetta. The distinguished Frenchman said to him, "In these days there are only two things which a soldier need know; he must know how to march, and he must know how to shoot." The Englishman replied, "I beg your pardon, Excellency, there is a third thing, which you have forgotten." "What is that?" said he. The reply was, "He must know how to obey." It is not enough to know how to march, it is not enough to know how to shoot; there must in addition be fire discipline, and that fire discipline comes of the soldier's knowing how to obey—to obey not merely with blind obedience, but with an obedience which comes from faith, faith in the officers, faith in their justice, faith in their knowledge, faith in their skill, and faith in their being the soldier's true friend. And those are the qualities required to make a good soldier of Jesus Christ. It is not enough for us to be alert and active to do right. Our marching and our execution must have behind them a loyal obedience to God born of our faith in his wisdom, and power, and goodness. Such a soldier will not waver on the firing line. (393)

THE IMPORTANCE OF TEMPER.

A writer in *The Scotsman* calls attention in a virile article to the fact that few words are more in men's and women's mouths than those born of "temper." Few things go further towards the world's happiness and comfort or toward its misery and irritation than a prevailing good or bad temper in its inhabitants. A world in which the temper of everybody was placid and forgiving, generous and unselfish, would be a veritable Paradise Restored. On the other hand, a world in which the general temper of men and women was harsh and vengeful, cruel and suspicious, would be simply Hell. Life would not be worth living. Every man's hand would be against his neighbor, and society and civilization would soon come to a miserable ending. Christ is in the world seeking to master the human temper and bring it under the supreme control of love. Every time we restrain our tempers from anger, or malice, or evil of any kind, and hold them in obedience to love, we are helping to bring about the reign of Jesus Christ in the earth. (394)

THE EMPTY NEST.

There are many people in the world who have lost out of reach of their human touch the associations that made their nesting place in this world. Sometimes looking back, such lonely souls are ready to complain and to feel that the home that has been broken was a failure because it has ceased to be what it once was. But it is not a failure, and God will treasure up the good of it in our hearts, and in the heaven above. Margaret Sangster suggests our thought in her touching little poem entitled "An Empty Nest."

Never a sign in this empty nest
Of the love that mated, the love that sung;
The birds are flown to the East and West,
And the husks of their homestead have no tongue
To tell the sweet still summer eve,
Of the sweeter, merrier summer days;
Only a nest in the falling leaves,
And silence here in the wood's dark maze.

But I hold in my hand the dainty thing,
Woven of feather and fluff and reed,
Once 'twas the haven of breast and wing,
And the shelter of callow and helpless need.
It tells of a passionate gladness gone;
It dumbly whispers that love is best;
That never a night but has had a dawn—
And I drop a kiss in the empty nest.

(395)

LIVING IN CAVERNS.

It is said that a distinguished Southern man who is writing a book has dug a cave ten feet deep and extending several yards under ground in his front yard and fitted it up as a workshop. In this cave the author goes in the morning and spends the day in serious work, turning off page after page of copy. This is of course only an eccentricity of genius, but there are a great many people who live all the while in caverns deeper and darker than the one which this man has dug in his front yard. They are walled about by gloom and discontent that colors all the work of their lives. The bright morning sunlight is after all the best inspiration for true work. I think it was Emerson who once said, though possibly it may have been Carlyle, that he would rather live in the most flimsy air-castle that was ever dreamed of, than in those caverns and dungeons in which some men hide themselves. (396)

PERSEVERANCE.

James Tyson was born in Argyle, Scotland, a region that breeds men of big bone and taut sinew. Long before he had gained his six feet-four of manly stature—when he was only ten years old, he went to Australia and began life in the bush. He saved his wages and thrice essayed to go into business for himself. The first time his partner ran away with the money given him to buy stock. Tyson went to work again. The second time drought killed his cattle. Again he set to work for wages to build up his ruined fortunes. The third time the black "bush boys" overran the community and robbed him of his herd. At it Tyson went for the fourth time, and this time the natives did not trouble him, drought did not impoverish him, nor did his partner defraud him. He had failed three times in fourteen years, but the fourth time he succeeded, and he became the richest man in Australia. In every department of life men are constantly failing for lack of perseverance and pluck that enables a man to get up and try again with renewed courage. It is one of the glorious characteristics of Christianity that it renews the courage of men. (397)

THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY.

The best way to reach the greater field of privilege and opportunity about which all earnest and ambitious souls dream is to do the present duty with supreme fidelity. Helen M. Richardson sings this truth:

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think he has chosen you for it;
Work loyally.

(398)

DROWNED IN THEIR OWN POOL.

While fighting a fire in New York City recently, three firemen were suddenly hurled into the cellar of the building through the giving away of the ground floor. The cellar was filled with water which they themselves had thrown on the fire in their efforts to save the building from destruction, they were drowned before they could be rescued. Though these men were drowned in a pool of their own making their deaths were most brave and honorable. But how many times it is otherwise, and men lay a trap by their own sins hoping to ensnare someone else, but are destroyed in it themselves. Haman is not the only man who has built a gallows for his Mordecai and afterwards swung on it himself. (399)

THE TREASURY OF A MOTHER'S HEART.

There is a very significant and interesting statement made about Mary, the Mother of Jesus, that when the shepherds and the wise men came to worship Jesus in his babyhood, and on other occasions that Mary "kept all these things in her heart." An unknown writer in the New York Press sings a little song of a mother's homesickness for her baby after he has grown into manhood, that is full of this pathos and mystery of motherhood:

"A little ring of gold—a battered shoe —
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair—
Some pencilled pictures—playthings one or two—
A corner and a chest to hold them there.

Many a woman's fondest hoard is this,
Among her dearest treasures none so dear,
Though bearded lips are often hers to kiss
That once made only prattle to her ear.

The sturdy arm, the seasoned form, the brow
That arches over eyes of manly blue
Mean all joy to her living memory now,
And yet—and yet—she hugs the other, too!

With that rare love, mysterious and deep,
Down in a mother's heart thro' all the years,
That placid age can never lull to sleep
And is not grief, yet often brings foolish tears.

She often goes those hoarded things to view,
And finger the wee treasures hidden there—
To touch the little ring and battered shoe
And kiss the curling wisp of yellow hair!"

(400)

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You will ask why do we present such a gresome picture on the front cover of Current Anecdotes for May. Because it is true, and because we trust that this picture and the following letter will lead every one of the 10,000 ministers who see this to raise a fund for the sufferers from the worst famine of the century.

The picture was furnished by Mrs. Lucy H. Ferris, who has worked at Kolhapur, India, since 1878 for the Presbyterian Board. She writes a strong appeal, but instead of using that we wish to present you with facts from a letter from Geo. S. Eddy, who has recently made a trip through the famine district. Mr. Eddy is a secretary of the International Young Men's Christian Association, and Student Volunteer Movement.

Permanent Address,
Egmore, Madras, India.

March, 1900.

India is entering upon the greatest famine of the century. The Viceroy and Imperial Council, surveying the entire country, have made their official announcement concerning the famine which has now assumed national

proportions. The afflicted areas comprise the Panjab, Western India, parts of Southern India and many of the Native States. Following upon two years of scarcity which have impoverished the country, the present year with its almost total failure of rain and the utter loss over large areas of two entire crops, leaves hungry millions in absolute and awful famine. Reviewing the situation, the Viceroy said: "It was evident in October if no rain were to fall in the winter months that we were to be confronted with a calamity as great, if not greater, than has ever befallen this country. These gloomy anticipations have been more than fulfilled. We are now face to face with famine of water and food and cattle which is unprecedented in character and intensity. We are trying to save from death many millions of human lives. But no government can undertake at such a time to prevent all suffering."

To quote the words of the Bombay government, "Destitution has reached, or will reach, a higher stratum of society than has ever before been affected since the country came under British rule." The Supreme Government adds, "The greatest aggregate famine area will be about 300,000 square miles" (or five times that of England) "with a population of 40 millions. There is a further population of 21 millions in which more or less general scarcity and distress prevail." In closing his able appeal the Viceroy said, "The crisis is one which demands the loyal co-operation of all who love India. To that co-operation, in the months of trial that lie before us, on behalf of the Government, I unhesitatingly appeal."

To realize what this means, picture the bulk of the population of the Eastern half of the United States in total famine, without food and without money to buy grain even if it were imported. Add to this the population of the Western States in "general scarcity and distress." Imagine outside of every city a great relief camp with thousands breaking stone, covered with rags and bareheaded in the sun,—men, women and children silently fighting for life. A friend writes from one camp, "Poor, emaciated women, clothed only in thin rags, came and fell down at our feet and said, 'O, sir, we cannot live, we cannot keep from starving on 2½ cents a day with grain so high priced, and breaking stones is such hard work!'" (We would think so, too, if, that poor figure sitting in the sun, weak and wasted by hunger and driven from home by famine, were your mother or mine). A strong man gets 4 cents a day; the weaker men and the women 2 or 3 cents, a child 1 cent.

And now the government feels forced to reduce the price to 2 cents a day for a man and a cent and a half for a woman. Already there is a population equal to that of Ireland on the relief works, and they are increasing at the rate of several hundred thousands every week. In a word, the situation is just this; areas containing a population of 60 millions (or nearly the entire population of the United States) are affected by famine. The Government of India finds its revenues reduced by the very famine it is trying to relieve. England is overtaxed by the war in South Africa. Large famine tracts lie in the districts which have been al-

lotted to the American Missions of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist churches, and hundreds of these missionaries and their people can look for help only to America. Even where the government is offering relief to the heathen, native officials are often unprincipled. Some of the people are deprived of part of their wages, while the relief works are often demoralizing even where they save life.

A Christian woman writes of one Poor House: "Bad men, immoral women, pure young girls, and innocent children were freely mixing. Many were suffering from leprosy and other unmentionable diseases. God help the young girls who are obliged to go to the relief camps and poor houses." Government is doing its best, but what is needed now is money to offer the people work in digging wells and tanks, to lend the weavers yarn, and farmers seed, to provide those actually starving with grain, and build orphanages of mud or thatch for deserted children. That you may know the facts, let me state the conditions found this month in a trip through some of the famine areas.

SOUTH INDIA.

The first station was that of a veteran missionary. He had been through the "Great Famine" of '76, when, in spite of the able efforts of Government, six millions, or one-fifth the poorer classes in the famine districts, died; but it is his conviction that the present famine will be greater than the "Great Famine." He seemed weighed down with sorrow. Already the crowds, that will soon grow to hundreds daily, have begun to collect about his door begging food. I saw one group of gaunt spectres stalk silently in from the dusty road. They had walked 75 miles.

"Sir," they said, "we have no work, no food, no water; how can we live?" The old missionary could only point them on, 30 miles farther, where there was work at two or three cents a day. "But our wives and children—what will become of them, how will they live?" The old man could not answer.

Here in his own field were 10,000 Christians destitute of food, praying and waiting—for what? The last hope of rain has gone; there are no crops left to be saved. The people are now living on berries, roots, the thorny cactus, and grass seed, and this can last but two weeks longer. Beyond this one dreads to think. At best, no crop can come now for eight months. From April to September the famine will be at its height. Even now, as we drove through the fields, they were parched and burnt in the sun. The cattle were gone, the streams were dry, the wells often empty; the parched farms deserted, the villages were quiet, the people silent and gloomy. The glaring heaven seemed brass and the earth burnt like brick, as the silent judgment of God hung over the land.

In the next Mission station, things seemed almost worse. Of the 18,000 Christians, half were destitute. The missionary told me that some had eaten nothing for days. In some places disease was following in the wake of the famine. In one little village he found forty houses where one or more were lying sick with smallpox. The old man had fought as a cap-

tain through our Civil War, but his face was wet with tears as he told me of sights which he said beggared description. Some of the little children were blind with the disease and their wails were pitiful to hear. And these people were starving. He went to buy them grain, but the very grain dealers had only enough for themselves and he could not buy a handful in that village. These people will go to bed hungry tonight. And they are Christians, each one your "mother or sister or brother." They have been laid—for there is no where else to lay them now—laid at your gate "full of sores and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fall from your table." And we believe that you will do it. Can you not solicit help from friends? Cannot a collection be taken in your church, in the Christian Endeavor Society and Sunday-school? Cannot every college and Young Men's Christian Association help India now? "Now is the nick of time in matters that reach into eternity!"

WESTERN INDIA.

On arriving in Bombay I met Stevenson, an old Princeton acquaintance. He had just come down from his mission station in Gujarat. I questioned him about his district and I have taken down his statements in pen and ink. "Gujarat was a fertile country, thickly populated. We had never known a famine before. The whole face of the country is now altered. Every leaf was torn from the trees long ago for the cattle, and now the trees themselves have been cut down for wood. The whole country, once green as an English park, is now a blasted waste of barren stumps and burnt fields. The people depended entirely for ploughing their fields upon their cattle. I have seen oxen dying in the streets and now they have lost nearly all. Four or five months hence, even if the monsoon rain does come, they will have neither seed to sow nor oxen with which to plough. It will take years for those who survive the famine to recover from it. Probably 500 people are dying each week of the famine in Gujarat. The government officials also say they often find men dead along the road sides. As I passed the Poor House myself, I saw two men lying dead in the street. They arrived just after the hour for receiving applicants and had fallen down and died. The last rag had been torn from their bodies by the living. One was a young man. He was simply a skeleton with the skin drawn tightly over the bones. The streets of our village are filled with children looking in the dirt for seeds or grain, or winnowing out the dust, and even the manure on the roads. Every day women come to me and with tears ask me to take the children from their arms or from their empty breasts and save them alive. Several of the poor little skeletons have died after I had taken them; they were too far gone to be saved by food. The people sometimes grow almost desperate. Repeatedly parents have offered me their children for sale at one rupee each (or thirty cents). And they love them as we love ours. Children are now being offered as low as a cents each, or for a measure of grain. The Mohammedans often buy little girls. One has only to read the first chapter of Romans and

live in a heathen land to know what they will do with them."

When my friend had finished his sad story and I asked him how Christian people could help, he said, "Best of all by rescuing orphan children." It is by far the best opportunity for investment I know in India. Our own society, in spite of all our appeals, sent out only a pitifully small sum with which we can only rescue a handful. If you know any one who can help do put my name down." This man goes back today into that dreary waste of famine and sin. There are hundreds such men bravely trying to meet this famine, but who must see people die almost before their eyes because they have nothing left to give them. The missionary with whom I am staying told me this morning that her own little girl died in the last famine because they had tried to deny themselves and give their own food to the starving natives.

Dear friend, if you had a hungry crowd at your door all day, if you could see men reduced to feeble and tottering skeletons, if you could hear the wail of the hungry children, or the feeble pleading of one mother who has no nourishment left for her starving baby, I know you would want to share their suffering, that you would give—give beyond a superfluous tenth, give till it touched every luxury we eat, the finery we wear, till we had fairly faced the command of our Master, "Sell that ye have and give alms." The missionaries are waiting and praying. Their own money was soon gone. The people are waiting in hungry crowds. They are at your door. There are children, still innocent, who can be saved from heathenism for Christ; there are men who can be saved from the horrors of starvation; there are women still pure who can be saved in their desperation and helplessness, from what is worse than death. They are waiting. And our Master is waiting. It is a time to test the reality of our relation to Him and to them. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? . . . Feed my lambs. . . . Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? . . . Tend my sheep. . . . Jesus saith a third time, Simon, son of Jonas,

lovest thou Me? . . . Feed my sheep." "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto me one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, I was sick and ye visited Me."

His and yours,

G. S. EDDY.

P. S.—As a College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association and Student Volunteer Movement I have traveled among the missions of India. I have never asked before for help. I did not in the last famine of '96. But I could not meet my Master if I did not tell you now of the greatest need and greatest opportunity for money I have ever seen in my life. One dollar will save a child in an orphanage in South India for a month. Twenty-five dollars could save a Christian family. Ten dollars will rescue a girl for a boarding school during the famine. A hundred dollars might relieve a small village hitherto inaccessible to the Gospel, or build a temporary orphanage for over a hundred children. Dear friend, what will you do? There is no time for delay.

Send the money to the treasurer of your Missionary Board, specifying that it is for famine relief. Do not send money to Current Anecdotes, but you might let the editor know of the amounts raised as a result of this appeal.

Illustrative Preaching.—There can be no doubt, that for the purpose of teaching, one illustration is worth a thousand abstractions. They are the windows of speech: through them truth shines; and ordinary minds fail to perceive truth clearly, unless it is presented to them through this medium. I have generally found that the most intellectual auditors prefer to hear a simple scriptural and spiritual preaching. The late Judge McLean of the United States Supreme Court once said to me, "I was glad to hear you give that solemn personal incident in your discourse last night. Ministers now-a-days are getting above telling a story in a sermon, but I like it."—Biblical Museum.

DEPARTMENTS.

Incidents Old and New, Biography, History, Art,
Poetry, Hymnology, etc.

Edited by F. M. Barton.

GLEANED FROM LIFE.

Bear and Forbear.

Grizzly bears are becoming scarce in California; still they are occasionally found in the mountains, and when found, their great size and strength make them formidable antagonists. Experienced hunters fear them accordingly, while the novice rashly seeks an encounter. In "Sketches of Life in the Golden State," Col. Albert S. Evans narrates the rash exploit of an oversanguine hunter.

A venturesome Yankee came to Santa Barbara some years ago, and soon became an adept at throwing the lasso. Hearing the Mexican cowboys talk of lassoing the grizzly bear, he decided to show them what he could do in that line if he ever got a chance.

One day he came upon a grizzly in a favorable locality. He threw the lasso with skilful aim, and reined back his trembling horse to give the bear an astonisher, when the *reata*—

which is always attached to the pommel of the saddle—came up taut.

Judge of the man's astonishment when that bear quietly assumed a sitting posture, took hold of the lasso, and began to draw it in hand over hand!

The hapless descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers stuck to the horse and saddle until he saw the slack all drawn in, and the bear and horse coming rapidly together. Then, in a panic, he descended and ran for a tree, abandoning the horse to its fate.

Two skilful men, operating from opposite sides, can master a bear and choke him between them; but with only one man, one horse and one bear, it is another story. Some men think they can overcome the devil single handed. (1015).

Speaking in Christ-Like Deeds.

A church recently asserted its opposition to public prayer, preaching or church office-holding by women. It did not pronounce against their singing in Sunday-school! Probably it had never heard of a brave little woman in an adjoining state who, in a rapidly settled oil town, gathers, each Sunday, representatives of ten sects, builds the fire in the school-house, rings the bell, and prays and talks with the miners and their families. One idiot boy walked ten miles to get her to give Christian burial to a baby he was fond of, and while he led the procession, carrying a sheaf of wild flowers over his shoulder, she walked up and down the steep hills, behind the rude cart the mother drove, steadying the rough little coffin. Truly of such—in public or private—is the kingdom of heaven. (1016).

Serve One Another.

Conan Doyle lays down some "Maxims for the Married" that are worth framing and hanging over the mantelpiece in every new home. Here are a few of them:—

Never both be cross at the same time. Wait your turn.

You were gentleman and lady before you were husband and wife. Don't forget it.

A blind love is a foolish love. Encourage the best.

If you take liberties be prepared to give them.

There is only one thing worse than quarrels in public. That is caresses.

If you can't, then you had better do without a wife.

The man who respects his wife does not turn her into a mendicant. Give her a purse of her own.—There is one maxim in the Bible that will cover these. Love one another. (1017)

An Army of Babies.

It will probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well-known statistician, that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend round the globe. The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day

until the last hour in the twelve months had passed by.

A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in the going past at the rate of twenty a minute, 1,200 an hour, during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a more fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping 6-year-old boys and girls.—Of such is the kingdom of heaven. (1018)

He that Winneth Souls.

The following letter recently appeared in a paper published in New York City:

"New York, Nov. 16, 1899.

"Editor of the Church Economist.

"Dear Sir: I had just joined the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and Philip, when I read your editorial in the November number on 'Spiritual Lockjaw.' It came pat with my fresh pledge to speak to at least one young man a week about religion.

"I had felt ashamed of being a dumb clam on religious subjects, and so I started in to keep my pledge. I'll sum up the record.

"During the first week, I nerved myself sufficiently to ask a very meek and non-combative errand boy if he was a Christian. He neither knocked me down nor reviled me, but on the contrary promptly replied that he was, and went on to explain his church connection.

"After such a crisis as this, I rested for a few days, till the week was nearly up, and then, nerving myself for another martyrdom, I accosted a flourishing dry goods merchant I had an acquaintance with, and who had moved from my own neighborhood to another part of the city.

"Not to be too brusque, I artfully started in to lead up to the subject of personal religion, by inquiring of him if he had made any connection with a church in his new locality.

"'Oh, yes,' he responded affably, 'I'm the Sunday-school superintendent at the ——— Church, which is just around the corner.'

"Feeling naturally some reaction from the nervous strain of these two interviews, I have taken a week's vacation, but hope by another week to brace up sufficiently to again tackle an acquaintance on the state of his soul.

"Respectfully, H. R. E." (1019)

The Common People Speak.

In at least one community—Steelton, Penn.,—the church has reached the laboring men, judging from the following announcement.

"To-night meetings will be going on in three churches. At the Church of God a converted mill-hand and his friends will have charge. At the Methodist Episcopal Church a converted newspaper reporter and his friends will lead. At the United Brethren Church the converted blacksmith and the singing tailor will conduct the services."—The first church had several preachers who were fishermen. (1020)

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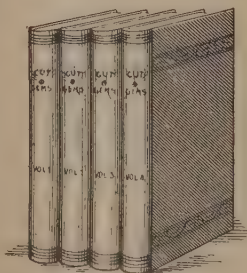
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NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Talking to a Planet.

In France, it is reported, a fund has been intrusted to the National Academy as a prize to be given to the first person who within the next twenty years succeeds in establishing communication between the earth and some heavenly body. What a suggestion is this! And it is not the idle fancy of some unbalanced mind; thitherward have many of the most conservative conclusions of astronomical science pointed for a long time. But what a suggestion!—We can already talk with one Heavenly Body. But we don't appreciate the privilege (1021)

Land Birds on the Lake.

Land birds far from land form one of the sights to be witnessed by passengers on board the steamers crossing Lake Michigan. This is said to be especially the case on the steamers of the Goodrich line, plying between Muskegon and Chicago, a distance of one hundred miles. The steamers sail after dark.

At sundown the spars and rigging of the vessels in the dock form good resting-places for the land birds. When darkness comes, and the boats begin to move, it is too late for them to go ashore.

On one trip two yellowhammers, or flickers, were amongst the company, as well as a silent little sapsucker that pecked away at ropes and spars as if he were breakfasting heartily on grubs. There was a frightened brown thrush, as well as a pair of tiny wrens and several grass-sparrows.

The yellowhammers were restless and nervous, seeming to be awake to their danger, and to feel safety only in nearness to the boat. The sparrows were only a little nervous, huddling together and twittering their fears, while the wrens were brave beyond belief, even hopping under the chairs on which the passengers sit.

The birds accompany the vessel until it reaches the other port, and then fly ashore.—Sometimes Christians resting where they should not, are carried far away. (1022)

Caterpillars and Jericho.

Eastern New York is sometimes so overrun with caterpillars that the farmers do little else save stalk about with shotguns loaded with powder only, the concussion serving to knock the fuzzy pests from their insecure hold on the trees.

But one summer a farmer's wife made a surprising discovery. She went out in the orchard, carrying the dinner horn with the intention of calling Si and the boys to the midday meal. Putting the instrument to her lips she blew a sudden blast. Instantly she was aware of a soft rustling in the branches and a gentle patter on the ground. She looked about her. It was raining caterpillars! Instinct prompted her to blow again, and the shower became a rain. Then she blew and blew, and kept on blowing, until the frightened farmer and the boys, who imagined the house was on fire, dashed upon the scene and disarmed her. But the ground

was thickly upholstered with caterpillars and it took a big fire to consume them all.—Sometimes a dinnerhorn will bring down a sinner when a shotgun will frighten him. (1023)

I Am the Vine.

While in Amherst College, H. H. Hubbard says he was forcibly impressed with the truth that the world wants men who can carry heavy loads; who are able to develop the necessary strength to support the burdens as they are increased. No man knows his own hidden resources until the unexpected burdens are thrown upon him. An experiment was being tried at the neighboring agricultural college with a growing squash. A harness or basket of strap iron was placed over the squash in such a manner that, in order to grow, it would be compelled to lift any weight that might be placed upon it. Harnessed in this manner, on August 21, the squash lifted 60 pounds; August 31, 500 pounds; September 11, 1,100; September 31, 2,015; October 18, 3,120; October 24, 4,120; October 31, 5,000 pounds. At this time, the squash had nearly reached its growth, and it was impracticable to put off the old harness and put on a new one.

How forcibly this illustrates the power that is given to conquer difficulties!—A growing Christian can lift more than a squash—that is, if he is connected with the Vine. (1024)

Anxiety Saved.

Wireless telegraphy, as worked by Marconi, besides accurately reporting the yacht race in advance of all other methods, served another purpose October 5. New York city was startled by the report that the big excursion boat, the Great Republic, had sunk with 2,000 souls on board. The street crowds and those who had relatives and friends on board were excited over the rumor and the only possible way of speedily learning the truth was at once taken. The New York Herald telegraphed Marconi the rumor. From far out at sea came the assurance that the boat was in no way injured and hundreds were free of the dread that they had lost their dear ones. The message flashed through the air read: "Grand Republic is all right. I can see her now. She is following the General Slocum in.—Marconi."—God sees everything, everywhere. Wireless prayer will often prevent worry and fear. (1025)

Modern St. George.

Anthony Comstock, of world-wide fame because of the persistent, effectual war he wages, and has waged for years, against foul literature, being but recently a witness in a case, was bitterly assailed by the attorney for the defense. But, be it said to his honor, the presiding judge, Judge Thomas, spoke out in his defense and said: "Mr. Comstock has done more to promote morality than any other man in New York. Were he to die tomorrow I would adjourn court out of respect to his memory." The compliment to Mr. Comstock and his faithful service to humanity is richly merited.—Religious Telescope. (1026)

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STATISTICAL FACTS AND POINTS.

Max Nordau says that war destroys many human lives. It is true. Yet not so many that the rate of mortality is perceptibly influenced thereby. In 1870-71 the German army lost, in round numbers, 40,000 men, killed in battle and by disease. At that time the rate of mortality in Germany was 27 in 1,000, or, with a population of 41,000,000, in round numbers, it was 1,107,000 per year. The 40,000 fatalities of the war increased this number about 3.6 per cent and raised the mortality less than 1 in 1,000.

The French losses were greater. They amounted to 88,000 men. By the epidemic of influenza in 1890 increased the rate of mortality in France to a greater extent than war, although the war was one of the most sanguinary of the century. (1027)

Greedy trusts are not the only things that are growing fast in this age. The spirit of altruism is rapidly increasing, as is shown by the fact that \$55,000,000 more than in 1899 was given this year in educational and philanthropic bequests. (1028)

In 1886 Nebraska drank 85,000 barrels of beer; Missouri, 1,117,000; Wisconsin, 1,451,000; Kansas, 17,500. In 1896 Nebraska drank 161,000 barrels of beer; Missouri, 2,250,000; Wisconsin, 2,846,000, or each about double, while Kansas drank 6,039, or only one-third as much. (1029)

In Japan there is a Buddhist temple for every 540 of the population, and a Buddhist priest for every 400 Japanese. About \$10,000,000 are spent each year in this idolatry. (1030)

World Wide Missions says: "In India there is only one Christian teacher to 275,000 of the population." Also, "In China there is one ordained minister to every 1,000,000 natives." (1031)

Over 500,000 children in this country between the ages of 10 and 14 are employed in factories, shops and mines. The motto of private capitalism is, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." Thus children, at the loss of education and physical development, are employed while their fathers tramp the streets. Socialism would set the men at work and put the children in school. Every man who has children needs socialism. (1032)

The prevalence of alcoholism and its influence on mortality was discussed by Dr. George W. Webster in a paper recently read. He states that the annual consumption in England, France, Germany, and the United States is twenty-five gallons for every man, woman, and child.

The English drink bill for 1898 was \$772,000,000; the United States for 1896, \$934,000,000. Ten per cent of the population are inebriates. The influence on mortality is strikingly put by Kraft-Ebing as follows:

First Generation—Moral depravity, alcoholic excess.

Second Generation—Drink mania, attacks of insanity, general insanity, paralysis.

Third Generation—Hypochondria, melancholia, apathy, and tendency to murder.

Fourth Generation—Imbecility, idiocy, and extinction of the race.

Ten families of drunkards are compared with ten temperate families. The direct progeny of the drunkards amounted to fifty-seven; twenty-five died of insufficient vitality in their first year, six were idiots, five dwarfed, five had hydrocephalus, harelip, and clubfoot.

Of the temperate families there were sixty-one children; five died of insufficient vitality, four had curable nervous affection, two had congenital defects, and 81.9 per cent were sound in mind and body during childhood and youth.

Murder, suicide, death by violence, and accidents are caused in most of the cases by alcohol. It has caused more deaths in Chicago in the last three years than smallpox in the past forty-three years.

Ten per cent of all deaths in England and Wales are due to alcohol.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. (1033)

Some of the men in the U. S. Weather Bureau distinguished for prompt and thorough work have been found to be growing careless. Investigation has traced the cause to cigarettes. As a result, the smoking of cigarettes in the office has been forbidden, and smoking out of the office will be reported and will lead to stricter watch of the worker. Not every one realizes how important it is that the observer should have perfect control of all his powers and should be exact to the last degree. Hundreds of lives may be in his hands. A slight want of accuracy in taking the readings of the delicate instruments used may be disastrous. The failure to note a variation much less than a tenth of an inch in the height of the mercury in the barometer may determine whether the coming of a storm is detected and whether due warning is given to sailors. (1034)

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Foreign Missions	\$ 5,000,000
Brick	85,000,000
Potatoes	110,000,000
Churches	125,000,000
Public Education	165,000,000
Silk Goods	165,000,000
Furniture	175,000,000
Sugar and Molasses	225,000,000
Woolen Goods	250,000,000
Boots and Shoes	335,000,000
Flour	345,000,000
Printing and Publishing	370,000,000
Cotton Goods	380,000,000
Sawed Lumber	495,000,000
Tobacco	515,000,000
Iron and Steel	560,000,000
Meat	870,000,000
Liquors	1,080,000,000

(1035)

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Second: Use the references. If you are reading in Romans, twelfth chapter and second verse, "Be ye transformed," your reference Bible will tell you that the word transformed is the same as used to describe our Saviour on the mountain when He was transfigured. The Bible is full of precious thoughts which may be discovered by means of references.

Third: Better know one story well than to read too much in a superficial way.

Fourth: Study with pen in hand, and write on the margin of your Bible the helpful thought you obtain. I opened the Bible of one of my friends, and found at Matthew 6: 6—"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who is in secret shall reward thee openly"—the following notation, which has ever made the chapter more luminous:

Period for prayer—When thou prayest.

Place for prayer—Enter thy closet.

Privacy in prayer—Shut thy door.

Persons in prayer—Pray to thy Father.

Promise in prayer—He shall reward thee.

With study like this, in a little while your Bible will be a new book. (1036)

The Bells—A Bible Reading.

Almost everything about bells illustrates some feature of Divine truth. The bells' sound, call, and warnings are like varied notes of the Gospel, warning men to flee from the wrath to come, calling men to the blessings of Divine grace, and cheering men with sounds of song and praise.

The bell-bearer, the bell-hanger, and bell-ringer are also pictures of active Christian workers, teaching the truth, preaching the Gospel, leading the flock, and holding forth the Word of Life in this dark world of sin and death. Let us note a few useful bells:—

1. The Warning Bell (out at sea) says, "Be Awake" (Acts xxvii. 31; Rom. xiii. 11; Eph. v. 14; Jonah i. 6).

2. The Call Bell (at the factory) says, "Be Active" (Matt. xxi. 28; Mark v. 19; Acts v. 20; Mark xvi. 15).

3. The Sheep Bell (in the field) says, "Be Obedient" (John x. 27; John viii. 12; John xiii. 17).

4. The Door Bell (at home) says, "Be Prayerful" (Matt. vii. 7; Phil. iv. 6; 1 Thess. v. 17).

5. The Time Bell (at the station) says, "Be in Time." "Be in time for salvation" (Heb. ii. 3); "Be ready to travel" (Ex. xii. 11); and "Be ready to change" (Matt. xxiv. 44; 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52).

Bells are used for many purposes. They call us to school, invite us to dinner, remind

us of work, ask us to church, warn us of danger, and tell us of death.

The passing bell of death may soon be tolling for us (Heb. ix. 27).—C. Edwards.

(1037)

Bibles For Poor.

A little girl lay sick, nigh unto death. Beside the bed her father was watching and weeping. "How much do I cost you, papa, every year?" asked the dying child. Again and again she asked the question, until the father named a certain sum. "Why do you ask this?" he said. "Because," said the dear child, "I thought maybe you would lay that amount out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by." With heart swelling with deepest feeling the father kissed the cold brow and replied, "I will, my child," and then, after a pause added, "I will do it every year, that you may draw others after you to heaven."

(1038)

Bible in Hand.

When William Burns offered himself as a missionary to India, he was asked, "When will you be ready to go?" "Tomorrow." "But how will you inform your parents, and bid them farewell?" "I will write to them." As he stood on the deck of the vessel, he held his Bible on high above his head, and his upraised Bible was the last object seen as the ship sailed away. (1039)

God's Due—A Bible Reading.

Ourselves.—Rom. 12: 1; 2 Cor. 8: 5; Gal. 1: 3, 4; Titus 2: 13, 14; 1 John 3: 16.

Our Possessions.—Matt. 19: 21, 22; Rom. 8: 32; 2 Cor. 8: 7, 9; 9: 6, 7, 15; Phil. 2: 5-7.

Our Time.—Eccl. 9: 10; Matt. 24: 45, 46; Luke 9: 59-62; John 9: 4; 2 Tim. 4: 1, 2.

Our Service.—Matt. 23: 44, 45; 28: 18-20; Mark 10: 43-45; Luke 17: 7-10; 1 Pet. 4: 10.

Our Love.—John 13: 16; Rom. 5: 8; Gal. 2: 20; 1 John 4: 9, 10, 19; Rev. 2: 2-5.—Christian Endeavor Record. (1040)

God's Signature.

Individuality speaks in hand work. We know the letter from the friend before ever we turn to his name at the end of it. The expert tells us the man who wrote, even though he be a stranger, by the writing. So a man declares himself positively even through such a small thing as the end of a pen. And God declares Himself even through the smallest thing which His hand may touch. "The heavens declare His glory and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." So those who have learned to know His sign have never failed to see written on the height of the Heaven, and so on the face of the earth, and on the secret places of the human heart, "God!" The signatures of the Lord our God are upon that which He hath made. And therefore the prophet speaks of God's chosen, saying, in effect, "I will make thee My signet," or, as we would say, "My signature." It is a promise to us, if we let the divine grace touch our hearts, that God will write Himself into our character, and godliness shall be in us the signature of God.—S. S. Times. (1041)

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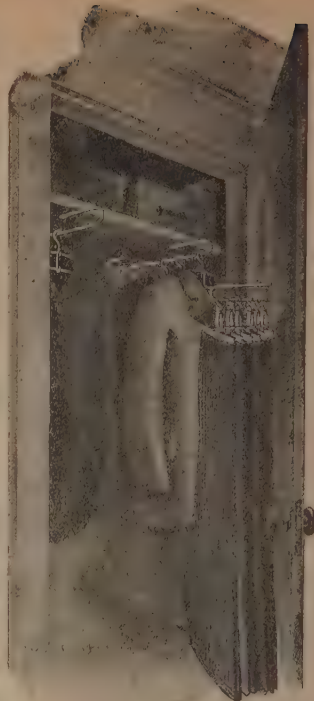
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And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

—John Keble.

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Missing Sheep.

"Po' lil' brack sheep what strayed away,
 Done los' in de win' an' de rain,
 An' de Shepherd, he say: 'Oh, hirelin',
 Go fin' my sheep ergain.'

"An' de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
 Dat sheep is brack an' bad.'
 But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack
 sheep
 Is de onlies' lam' he had.

"An' he say: 'Oh, hirelin', hasten,
 For de win' an' de rain am col',
 An' dat lil' brack sheep be lonesome
 Out dere, so far from de fol'.

"An' de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
 Dat sheep is weak and po',
 But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack
 sheep
 He lub it des all de mo'.

"An' he say: 'Oh, hirelin', hasten,
 For de hail am beatin' hard,
 An' dat lil' brack sheep git bruises
 Way off fum de sheep-fol' yard.'

"An' de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
 Dat sheep is mos' wore out.'
 But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack
 sheep
 Des' couldn't be done without;

"An' he say: 'Oh, hirelin', hasten,
 Lo, here dey ninety an' nine,
 But dere way off fum de sheep-fol'
 Dat lil' brack sheep ob mine.'

"An' de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
 De res' ob sheep am here.'
 But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack
 sheep
 He hol' it de mos'es' dear.

"An' He wander out in de darkness,
 Where de night was col' and bleak,
 An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
 An' lay it ergains' His cheek." (1042)

Ah, Lord, how carelessly we go!
 Unmindful of Thee quite,
 Using each gracious gift as though
 It were our own by right.

Yea, and with thankless murmuring
 For other boons denied,
 Despising many a precious thing
 In blind and reckless pride.

Give us, O Thou whose gifts are free,
 The grace to heed Thy call,
 That in Thy gifts we may find Thee,
 The sweetest gift of all. (1043)

The wise men ask, "What language did Christ
 speak?"

They cavil, argue, search, and little prove.
 O sages, leave your Syriac and your Greek!
 Each heart contains the knowledge that you
 seek:

Christ spoke the universal language—Love.
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the August Century.
 (1044)

"Only be steadfast—never waver,
 Nor seek earth's favor,
 But rest.

Thou knowest what God's will must be
 For all his creatures, so for thee,
 The best.

"There is no calm like that when storm is
 done;

There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
 There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
 No peace so deep as that by struggle won."

—Helen Gray Cone.
 (1045)

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Powerful Pulpit.

The pulpit of a little Eastern church has long stood just enough to one side of the platform to disturb the congregation's sense of proportion; but any protest met with a quick rejoinder from the aged minister. The wife of the sexton, taking matters into her own hands, says the Church Economist, moved the pulpit toward the center an inch a week, and gained her point, though it took time, for the old doctor never noticed the difference. Some citadels must needs be stormed from the front, but more victories are won and more reforms inaugurated by methods which do not antagonize, and in which tact is joined to persevering moderation. (1046)

A Complete Outfit.

A native Chinese preacher, in a sermon preached before a large conference of fellow-workers, said:

"Ask the Master for Peter's hook to bring up the fish; for David's crook to guide the sheep aright; for Gideon's torch to light up the dark places; for Moses' guiding rod; for David's sling to prostrate your giant foe; for the brazen serpent to cure the bites of the world's snakes; for Gospel seed with no tares in it; for the armor inventoried by Paul in Ephesians; and above all for the wonderful Holy Spirit to help at all times." (1047)

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The Spartans were distinguished for the brevity and the conciseness of their speech. On one occasion, during a terrible famine, the inhabitants on an island in the Aegean Sea sent an ambassador to Sparta, who made a speech imploring their aid. He had hardly finished before the Spartans sent him back with these words: "We did not understand the end of your speech, and have forgotten the beginning."

The poor starving people chose another spokesman, and directed him to make his request as brief as possible.

He therefore took with him a quantity of sacks, opened one before the assembly, and said simply:

"It is empty; fill it."

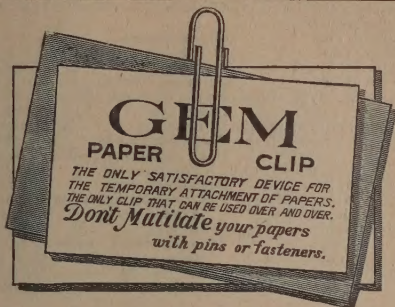
The sack was filled, as well as all the others, but the chief of the assembly said, as he dismissed the ambassador, loaded with meal:

"It was not necessary to inform us that the sack was empty—we saw it ourselves. Neither was it necessary to request us to fill it—we should have done it on our own account. Be less long-winded next time."—Baptist Union.

(1048)

Fuel For Flame.

A certain Welsh clergyman excused himself for bringing notes into the pulpit, by saying: "I know that you cannot put fire on paper, but you can use paper to light a fire." (1049)



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